The Hive Queen

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The Hive Queen

by marynn_kokoelma

Summary

To Will’s eyes Hannibal was the ultimate bee queen, the hive queen, the one and only. Everything was resolving around him, everyone had some kind of fascination for him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

To Will's eyes Hannibal was the ultimate bee queen, the hive queen, the one and only. Everything was resolving around him, everyone had some kind of fascination for him. The high society was living for the diners served by Hannibal, it was the perfect setting for gossips. Many for the high were tiptoeing with Hannibal not quite yet in his circle but not so far, they could not make it. Working with Hannibal had been an unsuspected advantage in this matter. Will was always invited to the diner, most of the time with Alana, but not always. He had never seen Jack to one of the society diner, only to the more informal ones with only colleagues. Not that Will was complaining, the less he could see Jack the better he felt.

The table was kind of a hive, the queen in the centre and the only one on the end of the table. Right next to the queen the aristocracy and lesser and lesser to end with the newcomer. The first-time Will had been invited he had been placed two seats away from Hannibal, on his right, leaving only Alana between them. Regarding of the dirty looks he got, it was not something usually done and that had brought him quite some jealousy. He was not really complaining, or at least not as much as he had been when Alana had accepted the invitation in his name. That would require him to be social and he was not… But no he almost did had to say a word, just nodding when obviously directed and fake concentration on the other side of table conversation to escape boring small-talks.

He did not try to escape the invitations after that, it was so much fascinating. Will was quite sure this could be matter for an article in a psychiatrist revue. After only three diners, he could already dress the portrait of the ideal Hannibal's guest: patron of the art, a tongue for rumours and gossip and more importantly politeness. If a guest was borderline polite, even just one time, they were never invited again, for the delight of the older guests.

It was during the eighth diner that Will froze, his fork mid-air to his mouth, and realized. All the meat at the diner, the strange coincidence between the Chesapeake crimes and the diners timing, the absence of motive to the crime and the rudeness of the guest… Fuck, Hannibal was no bee, he was the bumblebee queen, eating his opponent and killing the ones who defied his authority. He was the Chesapeake Ripper.

The though did not stop him from eating the bite, this was even more captivating!

End Notes

The last one of the series /o/
More than two months late but I finally did it XD

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